

The Evening World

Published Daily except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.
 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
 Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States:
 One year, \$3.50
 One month, .30
 For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union:
 One year, \$5.00
 One month, .40
 VOLUME 48, NO. 16,700.

JUSTICE FIRST.



BATCH of offenders against little girls was arraigned five days ago in the Court of Special Sessions. Three men were convicted after a trial and two pleaded guilty. What were the sentences? Michael Gargoni was convicted of assaulting two nine-year-old girls. The testimony of the girls was corroborated by a man who saw the attack from a window. Gargoni's sentence was three months' imprisonment—less than if he had picked a pocket, much less than if he had committed burglary or forged a check.

A race-track hanger-on who assaulted a young woman was sentenced to one year—about the same punishment as if he had made a band-book.

Antonio Delassa, who assaulted a twelve-year-old girl, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Two other assaulters were remanded.

What way is this to go about checking crime?

Assaults on women are one of the most serious crimes known to the law. They rank next to murder. Assaults on little girls are even more heinous than assaults on women.



Twenty years in Sing Sing at hard labor would be none too heavy punishment for such an offense. Imprisonment for life would be none too harsh restraint. No criminal who has once so far offended should ever have another opportunity.

To give such degraded criminals a three months' sentence is not punishment, but pastime. It has less effect than a good spanking.

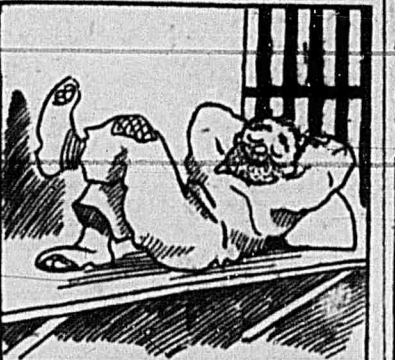
As The Evening World has said before, prompt punishment, severe, sure and impartial, is the best if not the only way to check a wave of crime. The degraded human beings who commit such crimes as these are lost to decency, to appeals to higher instincts, to reason and to affection. Fear is the only powerful deterrent.

Judges should recognize this. An assault on a child is a heinous crime. No three months' sentence, no short visit to Blackwell's Island is an adequate or effective penalty.

The police did their duty in arresting these criminals and haling them to court. That was all the police could do. Two thousand or twenty thousand additional policemen could do no more.

If in a few months any of these men repeats his offense it will be because of the judge's mistaken leniency. For one, at least, of the five this is a second offense. If he had been in Sing Sing on a long term one little girl would have been spared and one less family would be desolate.

The Judges of the Court of Special Sessions should consider the victims and their families first. Justice should come before a perversion of mercy.



Letters from the People.

Merchant's Ideas on Vacation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 My employees (eleven in number) demand vacations with full pay for two weeks, their sole argument being that other firms give them. I am making only a fair living. I pay honest wages. But I fail to see why I should present each of my employees with two weeks' vacation that they don't earn. I am open to conviction and at their request I place the matter before your readers for discussion.
 DUANE STREET MERCHANT.
 Cooper Union.

"How About the Army?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Several expert opinions have been given on the advantages and disadvantages of naval enlistment for young men. How about the army? Will experienced men tell us of the life and chances of enlisted men in the army?
 IN DOUBT.
 Robert A. Van Wyck.

Parents' Responsibility.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Referring to the "Crime Wave," I believe a great deal of blame should be placed upon the shoulders of mothers who permit children to be upon or roam about the streets at all hours of the day and evening without exercising a restraining hand. If such mothers accompanied their children, or did not permit them to go out of their sight, particularly at night, the atrocities which are chronicled in the daily news papers would not be so numerous. I would suggest that no child under the age of sixteen years shall be permitted to be upon the public highway after 8 o'clock P. M. unless accompanied by its parent or guardian. Such an ordinance, I believe, would check considerably the so-called "crime wave" against children.
 PROSPER R. FERRARI.
 Rome Versus United States.

The Musical Query.

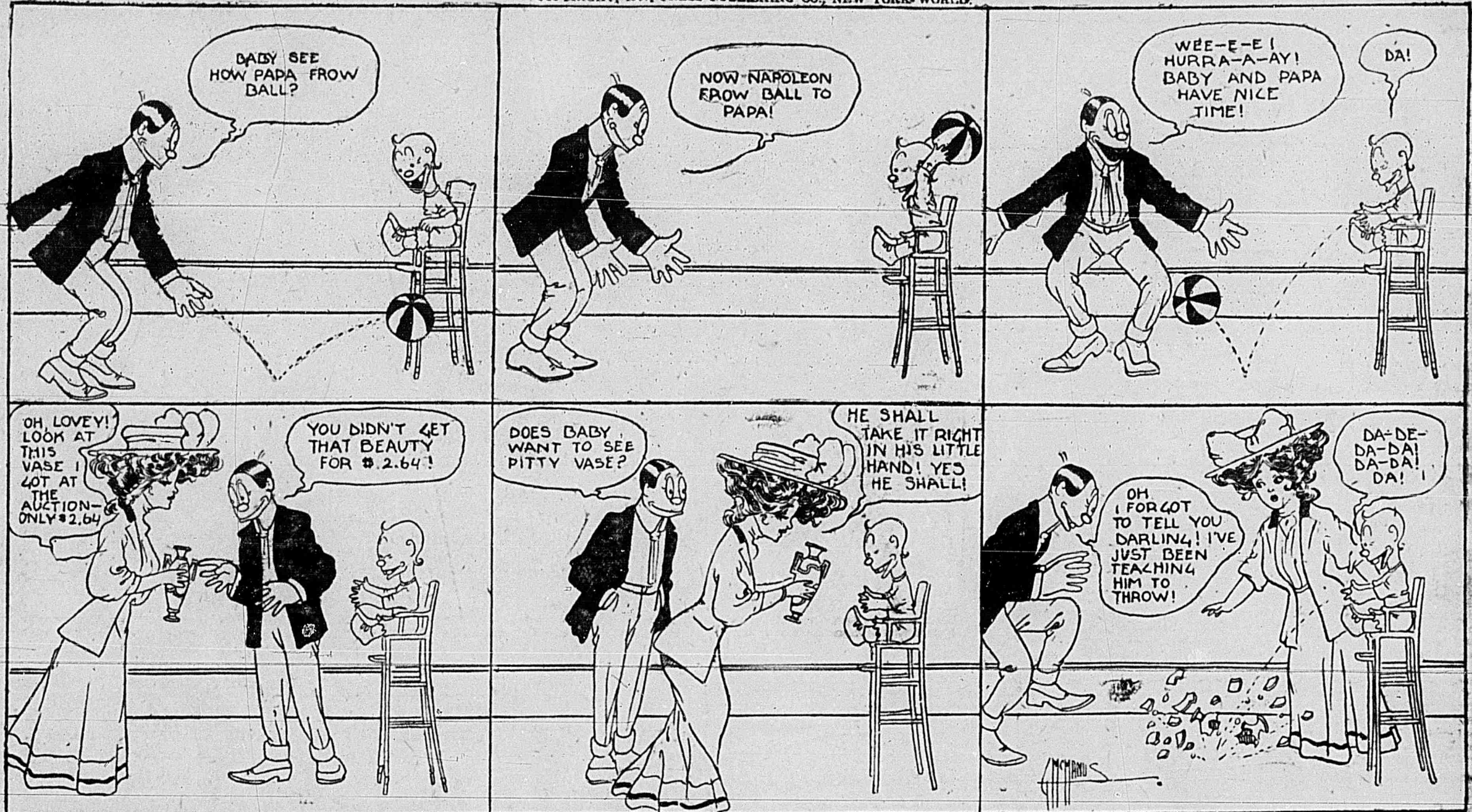
To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In reply to the musical query, a person capable of teaching the piano, for instance, must be thoroughly familiar with the theory of music, as well as with the keyboard, touch, technique, etc. of the instrument. A person who can teach only the piano should not attempt to teach the violin before he has acquired a knowledge of the art of holding it, the fingering, the shifting in the different positions, etc. F. DEERMAN.

Is This the Shortest?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A correspondent asks for the shortest sentence containing the whole alphabet. How about this: "The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog." Thirty-four letters.
 J. CHARK.

The Newlyweds Their Baby

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For Further Adventures of "The Newlyweds, Their Baby," See Sunday World, Comic Supplement.

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists.

The Chorus Girl

"If you'd see Broadway any afternoon, just two blocks off it, from Fortieth street to Forty-second, you'd think it was a frenzied mob taking a recess," said the Chorus Girl.
 "You never saw such a bunch of actors waiting for something to turn up, because on the other things they've been turned down."
 "They're getting desperate, kid, because everything is either going on that's going on or else is being rehearsed, and none of them that's keeping the sidewalk flat between the Bank and the Knickerbocker is signed as yet."
 "Where do they all come from, kid? And where do they all go to? Because after September they'll all be gone. They'll tie up to something somewhere, a last call will come for a number two company or a rewrite rough-and-tumble-interest melodrama, and they'll connect up."
 "But actors are the hopeful bunch. They're always sure there'll be something doing to-morrow at eleven."
 "I never seen such a business where everything was always up in the air. You can't get no definite satisfaction from any manager."
 "He always knows what he don't want and he never knows what he does want, and nothing is ever decided and nothing seems ever to be ready, but shows is opened and dates is filled, and the world goes round just the same."
 "And after a show has made good everybody claims the credit. You just ought to go to a roof garden where a successful show is running and listen to the bunch of hangers on. One of them's got a song in the production. And he don't do nothing but boast, and if it don't get a hand he'll tell you how it went last night and say because he hasn't slipped ten bucks to the orchestra leader that musical gorilla is trying to queer it by not letting the little lady that sings it take her encore."
 "Another one will ask you what you think of the drum song? He says it's what saves the show. They wanted a drum song and they couldn't get what they wanted. He wakes up a feller what he knows. That's one of the best composers in this town; when he gets his chance you'll see. They compose a drum song and take it round."
 "Of course they give him the laugh, he says, and tell him they have a drum song, but he can show you the original score, and if this ain't a cop from it he'll give up."
 "And that's the way it goes, kid, in this business. It's enough to drive you dippy. And what's the answer? Does it get the money? That's the answer! Many a show I saved, kid. I've seen a production about to go and I've interpolated a bit or give a suggestion to the manager and they've put more bing in it, and the first thing you know they're turning 'em away."
 "Give the public what they want," the managers say, "but goodness only knows what they want!"
 "Old Man Moneyton took us all to the New York Roof the other night. He says it's nothing but dog eat dog down in Wall street and he wants to forget it. Dopey McKnight would just as soon go to a roof garden as to stay at home, but I'm interested in what's going on, and so is Mamma De Branscombe, and we certainly would have enjoyed it if it hadn't been for the boosters and knockers I was telling you about."
 "Of course, the general public don't meet 'em. But me and Amy being in the profession, and Mamma De Branscombe having been a theatrical mother for years, and Dopey knowing everybody on Broadway, our box was as busy as an ant's nest under concrete. They were all in, and none of them seemed to know the way out, not so long as Old Man Moneyton was buying for everybody."

Silly Season Matrimonial News



"I told most of them to go over and tell their troubles to Mr. Erlanger and Flo Ziegfeld, who was setting in a padded cell off to the side, but they all said that they hated to intrude, as they didn't want to be thrown out."
 "Somebody said Mr. Erlanger seemed to be very democratic, and Mamma De Branscombe said she knew better, he'd always been a republican, and she got away with it. Dopey McKnight got excited during the raid scene and got up and hollered 'That it, kid, at Mile. Dazio, because he says she's a real little artist: from her phinks to pompadour. And when he was told that it was only a still he said it grated on his nerves.'
 "Keep right with Erlanger, kid, and you'll never lose out."
 "Say, would you stick to the legit or go into Advanced Vaudeville if you was told that it was that or nothing?"

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.

From Hi Glasses to Green Glasses.
 NEW YORK, Aug. 10.
 DEAR GREEN—I write this under considerable stress. For unknown reasons the ink stand insists on spinning around like some foolish kind of a humming top, and it is with the utmost difficulty that I restrain the sheet of paper from gliding out from beneath the point of my pen. Yet in the stress they have the nerve to call such paper "stationery."
 The lamentable truth is that I have been having a few minutes' conversation with a friend who is at present actively engaged in the trade of putting a polish on mahogany. He belongs to the large and active class known locally as the fellows who expected to have a swifly-full-summer because their wives went out of town and left them to take care of the flat.
 Instead of which he has discovered that this is a bright, beautiful world, full of Northern Lights and lovely ladies, who have brought their appetites with them. Also he has been pained to learn that a large quantity of the best bottled goods in the market are ten or twelve years old, and he has been seized with a laudable ambition to destroy all this accumulated rubbish so that the grateful distilleries may start in next January with a clean slate and turn out nothing but nice, new, fresh stuff to suit the demand.
 From dusks to dawns during this month certain well-lighted portions of our fair city will be well nigh clogged up with such sample copies of the patient and self-sacrificing bread-winner who came right out along in July and said he was perfectly willing to stay behind and toil in the heat and the turmoil in order that the wife might enjoy a nice little trip to the mountains or the shore. He is now engaged in towing around a personally conducted parade of up-dated sweet pickles in a half-shell cab or a gasoline pay car.
 "Yes, dear," said Homekeeping Henry to Mrs. Henry along about the 1st inst. "I will not be too lonely. You know there's that whole set of Gibbons' Decline and Fall that I've never had a chance to read, and perhaps sometime I may be lucky enough to hear of a summer lecture course on the Holy Land that I can attend at a Saturday evening when I need a little bit of relaxation."
 So wife she goes. And on the second evening the lorn, lone one discovers that the late Mr. Gibbons' great work on "Rome: Was She Pushed or Did Her Foot Slip?" seems somehow to fall in spots. And over in the direction of Forty-second street and Broadway he can observe a pleasant red glow in the summer sky. And the thought comes to him, just like that, that he might as well stroll down the Main Stem, not with any intention of dipping into the huckle gaities of the villagers of course, but merely to see what new buildings have gone up and what other signs of local improvement have been added from time to time.
 Shortly thereafter a loud, splashing sound is heard. Our hero has discovered that the water's fine, providing you slip a few of those Broadway life preservers down the inside of your vest before starting in.
 The day after enrolling in the Consumers' League he is observed indulging in a few purchases of feverish haberdashery such as are calculated to attract favorable comment along the Trunk Line. From that stage 'tis but a step to the dinner acquaintance of the lady suffering from choroid inflammation, which prevents her from seeing any of the moderate-priced half portions on the card.
 And as for Mrs. Hank, far away in the mountains, she never suspects for a moment that he's blossomed out as the original Night Blooming Cereus. It is to laugh. Yours

